Mooreditch?

Falſ. Thou haſt the moſt vnſauory ſmiles, and art indeed the moſt comparatiue raſcallieſt ſweet yong Prince. But *Hal*, I prethe trouble me no more with vanitie, I would to God thou and I knew where a commoditie of good names were to bee bought: an olde Lorde of the counſell rated me the other day in the ſtreete about you ſir, but I markt him not, and yet hee talkt very wiſely, but I regarded him not, and yet he talkt wiſely and in the ſtreet to.

Prince. Thou didſt wel, for wiſedom cries out in the ſtreets, and no man regards it.

Falſ. O, thou haſt damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a ſaint: thou haſt done much harme vnto mee, *Hal*, God forgiue thee for it: before I knewe thee *Hal*, I knewe nothing, and now am I, if a man ſhould ſpeake truely, little better then one of the wicked: I muſt giue ouer this life, and I will giue it ouer: by the Lord and I doe not, I am a villaine, ile bee damnd for neuer a kings ſonne in Chriſtendom.

Prin. Where ſhall we take a purſe to morrow-Iacke?

Falſ. Zounds where thou wilt lad, ile make one, an I do not call me villaine and baffell me.

Prin. I ſee a good amendment of life in thee, from praying, to purſe-taking.

Fal. Why, *Hal*, t'is my vocation *Hal*, t'is no ſinne for a man to labour in his vocation. *Enter Poines.*

Poynes, nowe ſhall we knowe if Gads hill haue ſet a match. O, if men were to be ſaued by merit, what hole in hel were hot enough for him? this is the moſt omnipotent villaine that euer cryed ſtand, to a true man.

Prince. Good morrow, *Ned*.

Poines. Good morrow ſweete *Hal*. What ſaies Monſieur remorſe? what ſayes ſir Iohn Sacke, and Sugar Iacke? howe agrees the deuill and thee about thy ſoule that thou ſouldeſt him on good Friday laſt, for a cup of Madera and a cold capons legge?

Prince. Sir Iohn ſtands to his word, the deuill ſhall haue his bargaine, for he was neuer yet a breaker of prouerbes: he will giue the diuell his due.

Poines

Poynes. Then art th
diuell.

Prince. Elſe he ha

Poy. But my lads,
clocke early at Gads
burie with rich offeri
purſes. I haue vizar
ſelues, Gadſhill lies t
per to morrow night
ſleepe: if you will go
if you will not, tarie

Falſ. Heare ye Ye
i'le hang you for goin

Po. You will chop

Falſ. *Hal*, wilt tho

Prin. Who, I rob

Falſ. Ther's neithe
in thee, nor thou cam
not ſtand for ten ſhill

Prince. Well then

Falſt. Why that's

Prin. Well, come

Falſ. By the lord,

Prin. I care not.

Po. Sir Iohn, I pr
lay him downe ſuch

Falſ. Wel, God g
the eares of profiting
what he heares, may
recreation ſake) prou
time want countenan

Prin. Farewel the l

Poin. Now my go
row, I haue a leaſt to
Falſtalffe, Harvey, R
we haue already way
and when they haue
cut this head off from